FS 3129
.V68A7

AMERICA, BELOVÈD LAND.

A NATIONAL ODE AND ANTHEM.

BY

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SACRAMENTO:
Printed and Published for the Author by
H. S. CROCKER CO

1898-33537-2.

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America, Belovèd Land.

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AMERICA, thy Mother-Land
Claims that where'er doth come,
The Day-Star in his fiery course
Men hear her Morning-Drum.
Thine own proud boast, like hers shall be,
The whole wide world around,
That all men, in thy very Name,
Hear Freedom's-Trumpet sound.

CHORUS.

* * *

BELOVÈD Land, while Earth shall stand,
No power it wields shall sever
Our Hearts from thee and Liberty,
America Forever!

WHEN on the shore of Salvador,
With Victor flag unfurled,
The eyes of Europe first beheld
A still unfettered world,
The scene at which they, wond'ring gazed,
Revealed that Ruler's mind
Who gives to Thee, in Liberty,
A trust for all Mankind.

Beloved Land, etc.

THOU Noblest Daughter of the Race
That ne'er has known defeat;
Whose helping hand on ev'ry strand
Earth's Ransomed Nations greet.
Be worthy of the Mission high
Thy God to thee has given
And still by thy proud Race's hand
Shall Mankind's chains be riven.

Belovèd Land, etc.

THE Mighty Moulders of thy Past,
Who sleep beneath thy sod;
Thy Sons whose blood has hallowed it
To Freedom and to God,
Made thee a Name at whose fair fame
All noble pulses thrill.
And Age by Age, shall Hist'ry's page
Record thy valor still.

Beloved Land, etc.

THREE times hath Europe on thee gazed,
And marvel'd at thy power,
When fierce the fires of battle blaz'd.
In War's tremendous hour;
And each time hath she seen thee rise
A vision of delight!
More brilliant and more beautiful
When God has crowned the Right.

Beloved Land, etc.

THE flag that brav'd, a thousand years,
The Battle and the Breeze,
Dear Daughter Land, to thine was bow'd
Upon its own high seas.
And proudly, for uneonquered still,
Thy Meteor Flag has shown
Its Stripes are for thine enemies,
Its Stars are all thine own.

Beloved Land, etc.

WHERE Caste or Creed is bar to none,
Where Prowess thrones o'er Pride,
Where Glory waits, in Freedom's Name,
True Manhood's steps to guide,
Thy Genius, like some Central Sun,
Lights all, and all controls;
And Westward still while Ages run,
The tide of Empire rolls.

Belovèd Land, etc.

LIFT high thy head, America,
The envy of the world.
Reign on, in peerless majesty,
Tho' thrones from earth be hurled.
Reign on, forever blessing all,
By all forever blest,
In Peace and War invincible,
Earth's fairest land, and best.

Beloved Land, etc.

DEAR Home of Peace. Time's self shall cease
E'er thou again shalt know
The bitter cry of men who die.
Struck by a Brother's blow.
Around thy feet thy sons shall meet.
But love and concord bring,
And o'er and o'er, from shore to shore,
Thy hills and valleys sing:—

Belovèd Land, etc.

YET, should thine Honor so demand,
As Lightning from on high,
Shall flash the brand, in ev'ry hand,
For thee to do, or die!
And foremost still, where Glory leads,
In Victory, or Death,
Thy sons ring out the battle-shout,
Still'd only with their breath:—

Belovèd Land, etc.

ANTHEM.

* * *

NOW rise, Americans, and stand
In all the Glorious Might
That springs from love of Fatherland,
Of God, and of the Right.
With feelings worthy of your Sires
And worthy of your Sod,
Call down upon your Country
The blessings of its God.

(INTERLUDE.)

GOD bless thee, Dear America!
God grace thee, Home of all!
The richest gifts His hand bestows
Forever on thee fall.
Peace, Wealth, and Power be ever thine.
Stand ever in the van,
And teach all mankind still to know
The Dignity of Man.

GRAND CHORUS.

* * *

BELOVÈD Land, at God's right hand,
No Power exists to sever
Our hearts from Thee and Liberty,
America FOREVER!

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